Female Advocate:

OR, AN

ANSWER

TO

A Late SATYR

AGAINST

The Pride, Lust and Inconstancy, &c.

OF

WOMAN.

Written by a Lady in Vindication of her Sex.

Licens'd, June 2. 1686. *R. P.*

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To the READER.

THat which makes many Books come abroad into the World without Prefaces, is, the only Reaſon that incites me to one, viz. the Smalneſs of them; being willing to let my Reader know why this is ſo: For as one great Commendation of our Sex, is, to know much, and ſpeak little, ſo my Virgin-Modeſty hath put a Period to the intended Length of the enſuing Lines, leſt cenſuring Criticks ſhould meaſure my Tongue by my Pen, and condemn me for a Talkative, by the length of my Poem. Tho' I confeſs the Illuſtrious Subject requires (nay commands) an enlargement from any other Pen than mine (or thoſe under the ſame Circumſtances) but I think it is good Frugality for young Beginners to ſend forth a ſmall Venture at firſt, and ſee how that paſſes the mercileſs Ocean of Criticks, and what Returns it makes, and ſo accordingly adventure the next time. I might enlarge this Preface with the common Excuſe of Writers for the Publication of their Books, viz. the Importunities of her obliging Friends: But what it was put me upon the Publication of this, I am not bound to give the Reader an Account of; but I think the Debauchery which I now anſwer, is a ſufficient warrant for this appearing of mine; in which he doth not only exclaim againſt Virtue, but Moral Honeſty too, and would (were it alone ſufficient) baniſh

all Goodneſs out of them; but that will be an impoſſible thing, ſo long as we (the moſt eſſentially good) do ſubſiſt: for 'tis obſerved in all Religions, that Women are the trueſt Devotioniſts, and the moſt pious, and more heavenly than thoſe who pretend to be the moſt perfect and rational Creatures; for many Men with the Conceit of their own Perfections, neglect that which ſhould make them ſo; as ſome miſtaken perſons, who think if they are of the right Church they ſhall be infallibly ſaved, when they never follow the Rules which lead to Salvation; and when Perſons with this Inſcription paſs currant in Heaven, then it will be according to my Antagoniſt's Fancy, that all Men are good, and fitting for Heaven becauſe they are Men; and Women irreverſibly damn'd, becauſe they are Women: But that Heaven ſhould make a Male and Female, both of the ſame Species, and both indued with the like Rational Souls, for two ſuch differing Ends, is the moſt notorious Principle, and the moſt unlikely of any that ever was maintained by any Rational Man, and I ſhall never take it for an Article of my Faith, being aſſured that Heaven is for all thoſe whoſe Purity and Obedience to its Law, qualifies them for it, whether Male or Female; to which Place the latter ſeem to have the Claim, is the Opinion of one of its Votaries,

S. F.

THE
Female Advocate,
OR,
An Anſwer to a late Satyr againſt the Pride, Luſt and Inconſtancy, &c. of Woman.

BLaſphemous Wretch, who canſt think or ſay
Some Curſt or Baniſht Fiend uſurp't the way
When *Eve* was form'd; for then's deny'd by you
Gods Omniſcience and Omnipreſence too:
Without which Attributes he could not be,
The greateſt and ſupreameſt Deity:
Nor can Heaven ſleep, tho' it may mourn to ſee
Degenerate Man utter Blaſphemy.
When from dark *Chaos* Heav'n the World did make,
Made all things glorious it did undertake;
Then it in *Eden*'s Garden freely plac'd
All things pleaſant to the Sight or Taſte,
Fill'd it with Beaſts & Birds, Trees hung with Fruit,
That might with Man's Celeſtial Nature ſuit:
The World being made thus ſpacious and compleat,
Then Man was form'd, who ſeemed nobly great.

When

When Heaven ſurvey'd the Works that it had done,
Saw Male and Female, but found Man alone,
A barren Sex, and inſignificant;
So Heaven made Woman to ſupply the want,
And to make perfect what before was ſcant:
Then ſurely ſhe a Noble Creature is,
Whom Heaven thus made to conſummate all Bliſs.
Though Man had Being firſt, yet methinks She
In Nature ſhould have the Supremacy;
For Man was form'd out of dull ſenceleſs Earth;
But Woman ſhe had a far nobler Birth:
For when the Duſt was purify'd by Heaven,
Made into Man, and Life unto it given,
Then the Almighty and All-wiſe God ſaid,
That Woman of that Species ſhould be made:
Which was no ſooner ſaid, but it was done,
'Cauſe 'twas not fit for Man to be alone.
Thus have I prov'd Womans Creation good,
And not inferior, when right underſtood:
To that of Man's; for both one Maker had,
Which made all good; then how could *Eve* be bad?
But then you'l ſay, though ſhe at firſt was pure,
Yet in that State ſhe did not long endure.
'Tis true; but if her Fall's examin'd right,
We find moſt Men have baniſh'd Truth for ſpight:
Nor is ſhe quite ſo guilty as ſome make;
For *Adam* did moſt of the Guilt partake:
For he from God's own Mouth had the Command;
But Woman ſhe had it at ſecond hand:

The

The Devil's Strength weak Woman might deceive,
But *Adam* tempted only was by *Eve*.
Eve had the ſtrongeſt Tempter, and leaſt Charge;
Man's knowing moſt, doth his Sin make moſt large.
But though Woman Man to Sin did lead?
Yet ſince her Seed hath bruis'd the Serpent's Head:
Why ſhould ſhe be made a publick ſcorn,
Of whom the great Almighty God was born?
Surely to ſpeak one ſlighting Word, muſt be
A kind of murmuring Impiety:
But ſtill their greateſt haters do prove ſuch
Who formerly have loved them too much:
And from the Proverb they are not exempt;
Too much Familiarity has bred Contempt;
For they aſſociate themſelves with none,
But ſuch whoſe Virtues like their own, are gone;
And with all thoſe, and only thoſe who be
Moſt boldly vers'd in their Debauchery:
And as in *Adam* all Mankind did die,
They make all baſe for ones Immodeſty;
Nay, make the Name a kind of Magick Spell,
As if 'twould cenſure married Men to Hell.

Woman, ye Powers! the very Name's a Charm,
And will my Verſe againſt all Criticks arm.
The *Muſes* or *Apollo* doth inſpire
Heroick Poets; but your's is a Fire,
Pluto from Hell did ſend by *Incubus*,
Becauſe we make their Hell leſs populous;
Or elſe you ne'er had damn'd the Females thus:

But

But if ſo univerſally they are
Diſpos'd to Miſchief, what need you declare
Peculiar Faults, when all the World might ſee
With each approaching Morn a Prodigy:
Man curſe dead woman; I could hear as well
The black infernal Devils curſe their Hell:
VVhen there had been no ſuch place we know,
If they themſelves had not firſt made it ſo.
In Luſt perhaps you others have excell'd,
And made all VVhores that poſſibly would yield;
And courted all the Females in your way,
Then did deſign at laſt to make a Prey
Of ſome pure Virgins; or what's almoſt worſe,
Make ſome chaſte VVives to merit a Divorce.
But 'cauſe they hated your inſatiate Mind,
Therefore you call what's Virtuous, Unkind:
And Diſappointments did your Soul perplex;
So in meer ſpight you curſe the Female Sex.
I would not judge you thus, only I find
You would adulterate all Womankind,
Not only with your Pen; you higher ſoar;
You'd exclude Marriage, make the VVorld a VVhore.

But if all Men ſhould of your Humor be
And ſhould rob *Hymen* of his Deity,
They ſoon would find the Inconveniency.
Then hoſtile Spirits would be forc'd to Peace,
Becauſe the VVorld ſo ſlowly would increaſe.
They would be glad to keep their Men at home,
And each vvant more to attend his Throne:

Nay,

Nay, ſhould an *Engliſh* Prince reſolve that he
would keep the number of of's Nobility:
And this dull cuſtom ſome few years maintain'd,
There would be none leſs than a Peer oth' land.
And I do fancy 'twould be pretty ſport
To ſee a Kingdom cramb'd into a Court.
Sure a ſtrange world, when one ſhould nothing ſee,
unleſs a Baudy Houſe or Nunnery.
Or ſhould this Act ere paſs, woman would fly
With unthought ſwiftneſs, to each Monaſtry
And in dark Caves ſecure her Chaſtity.
She only in a Marriage-Bed delights;
The very Name of *Whore* her Soul affrights.
And when that ſacred Ceremony's gone,
VVoman I am ſure will chuſe to live alone.

There's none can number all thoſe vertuous Dames
VVhich choſe cold death before their lovers flames.
The chaſt *Lucretia* whom proud *Tarquin* lov'd,
Her he ſlew, her chaſtity ſhe prov'd.
But I've gone further than I need have done,
Since we have got examples nearer home.
VVitneſs thoſe *Saxon* Ladies who did fear
The loſs of Honour when the *Danes* were here:
And cut their Lips and Noſes that they might
Not pleaſing ſeem, or give the *Danes* delight.
Thus having done what they could juſtly do,
At laſt they fell their ſacrifices too.
Thus when curſt *Osbright* courted *Beon*'s wife,
She him refus'd with hazard of her life.

And ſome which I do know but will not name,
Have thus refus'd and hazarded the ſame.
I could ſay more, but Hiſtory will tell
Many more things that do theſe excel.

In Conſtancy they men excell as far
A heavens bright lamp doth a dull twinckling ſtar.
Tho' man is alwaies altering of his mind,
Inconſtancy is only in womankind.
'Tis ſomething ſtrange, no hold, it isn't becauſe
The men have had the power of making Laws;
For where is there that man that ever dy'd,
Or ere expired with his loving Bride.
But numerous trains of chaſt wives expire
With their dear Husbands, tho in flames of fire:
We'd do the ſame if cuſtom did require.
But this is done by *Indian* women, who
Do make their Conſtancy immortal too,
As is their Fame: We find *India* yeilds
More glorious *Phœnix* than the *Arabian* fields.
The *German* women Conſtancy did ſhew
When *Wensberg* was beſieg'd, beg'd they might go
Out of the City, with no bigger Packs
Than each of them could carry on their Backs.
The wond'ring world expected they'd have gone
Laded with treaſures from their native home,
But croſſing expectation each did take
Her Husband as her burden on her back.
So ſaved him from intended death, and ſhe
At once gave him both life and liberty.

How

How many loving wives have often dy'd:
Drownded in tears by their cold husbands ſide.
And when a Sword was Executioner,
the very ſame hath executed her,
With her own hands; eagerly meeting death,
And ſcorn'd to live when he was void of breath.
If this isn't Conſtancy, why then the Sun
With Conſtant Motion don't his progreſs run.
There's thouſands of examples that will prove,
Woman is alwayes Conſtant in chaſt Love.
But when ſhe's courted only to ſome Luſt,
She well may change, I think the reaſon's juſt.
Change did I ſay, that word I muſt forbear,
No, ſhe bright Star wont wander from her ſphere
Of Virtue (in which Female Souls do move)
Nor will ſhe joyn with an inſatiate love.
For ſhe whoſe firſt eſpouſed to vertue muſt
Be moſt inconſtant, when ſhe yields to luſt.
But now the ſcene is alter'd, and thoſe who
were eſteemed modeſt by a bluſh or two,
Are repreſented quite another way,
Worſe than mock-verſe doth the moſt ſolid Play.
She that takes pious Preceptsfor her Rule,
Is thought by ſome a kind of ill-bred fool;
They would have all bred up in *Venus* School.
And when that by her ſpeech or carriage, ſhe
Doth ſeem to have ſence of a Deity,
She ſtraight is taxt with ungentility.
Unleſs it be the little blinded Boy,
That Childiſh god, *Cupid*, that trifling toy,

That certain nothing, whom they feign to be
The Son of *Venus* daughter to the Sea.
But were he true, none ſerve him as they ſhoud,
For commonly thoſe who adore this god,
Do't only in a melancholy mood;
Or elſe a ſort of hypocrites they are,
Who do invocate him only as a ſnare.
And by him they do ſacred love pretend,
When as heaven knows, they have a baſer end.
Nor is he god of love; but if I muſt
Give him a title, then he is god of luſt.
And ſurely Woman impious muſt be
When e're ſhe doth become his votary,
Unleſs ſhe will believe without controul,
Thoſe that did hold a Woman had no Soul:
And then doth think no obligation lyes
On her to act what may be juſt or wiſe.
And only ſtrive to pleaſe her Appetite,
And to embrace that which doth moſt delight.
And when ſhe doth this paradox believe,
Whatever faith doth pleaſe ſhe may receive.
She may be Turk, Jew, Atheiſt, Infidel,
Or any thing, cauſe ſhe need ne'er fear Hell,
For if ſhe hath no Soul what need ſhe fear
Something ſhe knows not what or vvhen or vvhere.

But hold I think I ſhould be ſilent novv,
Becauſe a Womans Soul you do allovv.
But had vve none you'd ſay vve had, elſe you
Could never damn us at the rate you do.

What

What doſt thou think thou haſt priviledge given,
That thoſe whom thou doſt bleſs ſhall mount to heaven,
And thoſe thou curſeſt unto hell muſt go.
And ſo doſt think to fill the *Abiſs* below
Quite full of Females, hoping there may be
No room for ſouls big with Vice as thee.
But if that thou with ſuch vain hopes ſhould'ſt dye
I'th fluid Air, thou muſt not think to fly,
Or enter into heaven, thy weight of Sin
Would cruſh the damn'd, and ſo thoud'ſt enter in.
But hold, I am uncharitable here,
Thou may'ſt repent, tho' that's a thing I fear.
But if thou ſhould'ſt repent, why then again
It would at beſt but mitigate thy pain,
Becauſe thou haſt been vile to that degree,
That thy repentance muſt eternal be.
For wert thou guilty of no other crime
Than what thou lately putteſt into Rhime,
Why that without other offences given,
Were enough to ſhut the gate of Heaven.
But when together's put all thou do,
It will not only ſhut but bar it too.

For when Heaven made woman it deſign'd
Her for the charming object of Mankind.
Nor is alter'd only with thoſe who
Set *Bewly*, *Stratford*, nay and *Chreſwell* too,
Or other Bawds, chaſe their acquaintance out,
And then what they muſt be we make no doubt.
'Tis to make heaven miſtaken when you ſay

It

It meant one and it proves another way.
For when heaven with its laſt and greateſt care,
Had form'd a female charming bright and fair,
Why then immediately it did decree,
That unto man ſhe ſhould a bleſſing be,
And ſo ſhould prove to all poſterity.
And ſurely there is nothing can be worſe
Than for to turn a bleſſing to a curſe.
And when the greateſt bleſſing heaven ere gave,
And certainly the beſt that man could have.
When that's ſcorn'd and contemn'd ſure it muſt be
A great affront unto heaven's Majeſty.
But I hope Heaven will puniſh the offence,
And with it juſtifie our Innocence.

I muſt confeſs there are ſome bad, and they
Lead by an *Ignis fatus*, go aſtray :
All are not forc'd to wander in falſe way.
Only ſome few whoſe dark benighted ſence,
For want of light han't power to make defence
Againſt thoſe many tempting pleaſures, which
Not only theirs but Maſculine Souls bewitch.
But you'd perſuade us, that 'tis we alone
Are guilty of all crimes and you have none,
Unleſs ſome few, which you call fools, (who be
Eſpous'd to wives, and live in chaſtity.)
But the moſt rational, without which we
Doubtleſs ſhou'd queſtion your Humanity.
And I would praiſe them more only I fear
If I ſhould do't it would make me appear

Unto

Unto the World much ſonder than I be
Of that ſame State, for I love Liberty,
Nor do I think there's a neceſſity
For all to enter Beds, like *Noah*'s beaſt
Into his Ark; I would have ſome releaſt
From the dear cares of that lawful State:
Hold I'll not dictate, I'll leave all Fate.
Nor would I have the World to think that I
Through a deſpair do *Nuptial Joys* defy.
For in the World ſo little I have been
That I've but half a revolution ſeen
Of *Saturn*, only I do think it beſt
For thoſe who love to contemplate at reſt,
For to live ſingle too, and then they may
Uninterupted, *Natures Work* ſurvey.
And had my Antagoniſt ſpent his time
Making true Verſe inſtead of ſpiteful Rhime,
As a Female Poet, he had gain'd ſome praiſe,
But now his malice blaſts his twig of Bays.
I do not wiſh you had, for I believe
It is impoſſible for to deceive
Any with what you write, becauſe that you
May inſert things ſuppoſed true.
And if by ſuppoſition I may go,
Then I'll ſuppoſe all men are wicked too,
Becauſe I'm ſure there's many that are ſo.
And 'cauſe you have made *Whores* of all you could,
So if you durſt, you'd ſay all Women would.
Which words do only argue guilt and ſpite:
All makes you cheap in ev'ry mortals ſight.

And

And it doth ſhew that you have alwaies been
Only with Women guilty of that Sin.
You nere deſired nor were you fit for thoſe
Whoſe modeſt carriage doth their minds diſcloſe.
And Sir, methinks you do deſcribe ſo well
The way and manner *Bewley* enter'd Hell,
As if your love for her had made you go
Down to the black infernal ſhades below.
But I ſuppoſe you never was ſo near,
For if you had, you ſcarce would have been here,
For had they ſeen, they'd kept you there.
Unleſs they thought when ere it was you came,
Your hot entrance might encreaſe the flame.
If burning Hell add to their extreme pain,
And ſo were glad to turn you off again.
And likewiſe, alſo I believe beſide,
That one thing more might be their haughty pride.
They knew you Rival'd them in all their Crimes,
Wherewith they could debauch the willing times.
And as fond mortals hate a rival, they
Loving through Pride, were loath to let you ſtay,
For fear that you might their black deeds excel,
Uſurp their Seat and be the Prince of Hell.
But I believe that you will let your hate
Ore rule your bride, and you'll not vviſh the State
Of Governing, becauſe your deceived mind,
Perſuades your Subjects vvill be Women kind.
But I believe vvhen it comes the tryal,
Ask but for ten and you'll have the denial.

You'd think your self far happier than you be,
Were you but half so sure of heaven as we.
But when you are in hell if you should find
More then I speak of, think heaven design'd
Them for a part of your Eternal Fate,
Because they're things which you so much do hate.
But why you should do so I cannot tell,
Unless 'tis what makes you in love with hell;
And having fallen-out with Goodness, you
Must have Antipathy 'gainst Woman too.
For virtue and they are so near ally'd
That none can their mutual tyes divide.
Like Light and Heat, incorporate they are,
And interwove with providential care.
But I'm too dull to give my Sex due praise,
The task befits a Laureat Crown'd with Bays:
And yet all he can say, will be but small,
A Copy differs from the original.
For should he sleep under *Parnassus* Hill,
Implore the Muses for to guide his Quill.
And shou'd they help him, yet his praise would seem
At best but undervaluing discsteem.
For he would come so short of what they are,
His lines won't with one single Act compare.
But to say truest, is to say that she
Is Good and Virtuous into that degree
As you pretend she's Bad, and that's beyond
Imagination, 'cause you set no bound,
And then one certain definition is
To say that she doth comprehend all Bliss.

And that she's all that's pious, chaft and true,
Heroick, constant, wary, and modest too:
The later Virtue's a thing you doubt;
But 'tis 'cause you never sought to find it out.
You question where there's such a thing or no,
'Tis only 'cause you hope you've lost a foe,
A hated object, yet a stranger too.
I'll speak like you, if such a thing there be,
I'm certain that she doth not dwell with thee.
Thou art Antipodes to that and unto all
That's Good, or that we simply civil call.
From yokes of Goodness, thou'st thy self releast,
Turn'd Bully Hector, and a humane Beast.
That Beasts do speak it rarely comes to pass,
Yet you may paralell with *Balaam*'s Ass.
You do describe a woman so that one
Would almost think she had the Fiends outdone:
As if at her strange birth did shine no star,
Or Planet, but Furies in conjunction were;
And did conspire what mischief they should do,
Each act his part and her with plagues pursue,
'Tis false in her, yet 'tis sum'd up in you.
You almost would perswade one that your thought
That providence to a low ebb was brought;
And that to *Eve* and *Jezabell* was given
Souls of so great extent that heaven was driven
Into a Straight, and liberality
Had made her void of wanting, to supply
These later bodies, she was forc'd to take
Their souls asunder, and so numbers make,

And tranſmigrate them into others, and
Still ſhift them as ſhe finds the matters ſtand.
'Tis 'cauſe they are the worſt makes me believe
You muſt imagine *Jezabel* and *Eve*,
But I'm no *Pythagorean* to conclude
One Soul could ſerve for *Abraham* and *Jude*.
Or think that heaven ſo bankrupt or ſo poor,
But that each body has one ſoul or more.
I do not find our Sex ſo near ally'd,
Either in diſobedience or in pride,
Unto the 'bovenamed Females (for I'm ſure
They are refin'd, or elſe were alwaies pure)
That I muſt needs conceit their ſouls the ſame,
Tho' I confeſs there's ſome that merit blame:
But yet their faults only thus much infer,
That we're not made ſo perfect but may err;
Which adds much luſtre to a virtuous mind,
And 'tis her prudence makes her ſoul confin'd
Within the bounds of Goodneſs, for if ſhe
Was all perfection, unto that degree
That 'twas impoſſible to do amiſs,
Why heaven not ſhe muſt have the praiſe of this.
But ſhe's in ſuch a ſtate as ſhe may fall,
And without care her freedom may enthrall.
But to keep pure and free in ſuch a caſe,
Argues each virtue with its proper grace.
And as a womans compoſition is
Moſt ſoft and gentle, ſhe has happineſs
In that her ſoul is of that nature too,
And yeilds to any thing that heaven will do;

Takes an impreſſion when 'tis ſeal'd in heaven,
Turns to a cold refuſal, when 'tis given
By any other hand: She's all divine,
And by a ſplendid luſtre doth outſhine
All maſculine ſouls, who only ſeem to be
Made up of pride and their lov'd luxury.
So great's mans ambition that he would
Have all the wealth and power if he could,
That is beſtowed on the ſeveral Thrones
Of the worlds Monarchs, covets all their Crowns.
And by experience it hath been found
The word Ambition's not an empty ſound.
There's not an Hiſtory which doth not ſhew
Man's pride, ambition and his falſhood too.
For if at any time th'ambitious have
Leaſt ſhew of honour, then their ſouls grow brave,
Grow big and reſtleſs, they are not at eaſe,
'Till they have a more fatal way to pleaſe,
Look fair and true, when falſely they intend;
So from low Subject, grow a Monarch's Friend.
And by grave Councels they their good pretend,
When 'tis guilt poyſon and oft works their end.
The Son who muſt ſucceed, is too much loved,
Muſt be pull'd down (his Councel is approved)
For fear he willingly ſhould grow too great,
Deſire to rule, ſhould mount his father's Seat.
So he's diſpatch'd, and then all thoſe that be
Next in the way are his adherency.
And then the better to ſecure the State,
It is but juſt they ſhould receive his fate.

So

So by degrees he for himſelf makes room,
His Prince is ſtraightway ſhut up in his Tomb,
And then the falſe uſurper mounts the Throne.
Or would do ſo at leaſt but commonly
He nere ſits firm, but with revenge doth dy, (high,
But thank heaven there's but few that reach ſo
For the known crimes makes a wiſe Prince take care.
Thus what I've ſaid doth plainly ſhew there are
Men more impious than a woman far.
So thoſe who by their abject fortune are
Remote from Courts no leſs their pride declare,
In being uneaſie and envying all who be
Above them, in State, or Priority.
But 'tis impoſſible for to relate
Their boundleſs Pride, or their prodigious hate,
To all that fortune hath but ſmil'd upon,
In a degree that is above their own.
And thou proud fool, that virtue would'ſt ſubdue,
Envying all good, doſt towre ore woman too,
Which doth betray a baſe ignoble mind,
Speaks thee nothing but a bluſtring wind.
But in ſo great a lab'rinth as man's pride,
I ſhould not enter, nor won't be imply'd,
For to ſearch out their ſtrange and unknown crimes,
There's ſo many apparent in theſe times,
That my dull Arithmetick cannot tell
Half the ſins that commonly do dwell
In one ſordid Ruſtick, then how can I
Define the Courts or Towns Debauchery.

Their

Their pride in some small measure I have shown,
But theirs is running over and prest down;
And 'tis impossible I should repeat
The Crimes of men extravagantly great,
I would not name them, but to let them see
I know they're bad and odious unto me.
'Tis true, pride makes men great in their own eyes,
But them proportionable I despise;
And tho' Ambition still aims to be high,
Yet Lust at best is but beastiality;
A Sin with which there's none can compare,
Not Pride nor Envy, *&c.* for this doth insnare,
Not only those whom it at first inflam'd,
This Sin must have a partner to be sham'd,
And punish'd like himself. Hold, one wont do,
He must have more, for he doth still pursue
The Agents of his Passion; 'tis not Wife,
That Mutual Name can regulate his Life:
And tho' he for his Lust might have a shrowd,
And there might be *Poligamy* allow'd,
Yet all his Wives would surely be abhorr'd,
And some common *Lais* be ador'd.
Most mortally the Name of Wife they hate,
Yet they will take one as their proper fate,
That they may have a Child legitimate,
To be their Heir, if they have an Estate,
Or else to bear their Names: So, for by ends,
They take a Wife, and satisfie their friends,
Who are desirous that it should be so,
And for that end, perhaps, Estates bestow;

Which,

Which, when poſſeſs'd, is ſpent another way;
The Spurious Iſſue do the right betray,
And with their Mother-Strumpets are maintain'd;
The Wife and Children by neglect diſdain'd,
Wretched and poor unto their Friends return,
Having got nothing, unleſs cauſe to mourn.
The Dire Effects of Luſt I cannot tell,
For I ſuppoſe its Catalogue's in Hell;
And he perhaps at laſt may read it there,
Written in flames, fierce as his own whilſt here.
I could ſay more, but yet not half that's done
By theſe ſtrange Creatures, nor is there ſcarce one
Of theſe inhumane Beaſts that do not die
As bad as *Bewley's* Pox turns Leproſie,
And Men do catch it by meer phantaſie.
Tho' they are chaſt and honeſt, yet it doth
Purſue them, and ſome company on oath
They have been in, and their infected breath
Gave them that Plague, which haſt'neth their death,
Or elſe 'tis Scurvy, or ſome new diſeaſe,
As the baſe wretch or vain Phyſician pleaſe,
And then a ſum of Money muſt be gave
For to keep corruption from the grave;
And then 'tis doubled, for to hide the cheat:
(O the ſad Horrour of debaucht deceit!)
The Body and Eſtate together go.
And then the only Objects here below,
On which he doth his charity beſtow,
Are Whores and Quacks, and perhaps Pages too
Muſt have a ſhare, or elſe they will reveal
That which Money doth make them conceal.

Sure truſty Stewards of extenſive heaven,
When what's for common good is only given
Unto peculiar friends of theirs, who be
Slaves to their luſt, friending debauchery;
Theſe are partakers of as great a fate
As thoſe whoſe boldneſs turns them reprobate,
And tho' a Hypocrite doth ſeem to be
A greater ſharer of Morality,
Yet methinks they almoſt ſeem all one,
One hides, and t'other tells what he hath done;
But if one Devil's better than another,
Than one of theſe is better than the t'other:
Hypocriſie preheminence ſhould have,
(Tho' it ha'nt got the priviledge to ſave)
Becauſe the Reprobate's example may,
By open Cuſtom, make the rugged way
Seem more ſmooth, and a common ſin
Look more pardonable, and ſo by him
More take example, 'tis he ſtrives to win.
Mad Souls, to fill up Hell! But ſhould there be
Nothing e're acted but Hypocriſie,
Yet Man would be as wicked as he is,
And be no nearer to eternal bliſs;
For he who's ſo unſteady, as to take
Example by ſuch Men, ſhould never make
Me to believe, that he was really chaſt,
And, without pattern, never had imbrac't:
Such kind of ſins at beſt ſuch virtues weak,
That with ſuch a ſlender ſtreſs will break,
And that's no virtue which cannot withſtand
A ſlight temptation at the ſecond hand: But

But I believe one might as narrowly pry
For't, as the *Grecian* did for honesty,
And yet find none; and then if Women be
Averse to't too, sure all's iniquity
On this side Heaven, and it with Justice went
Up thither, 'cause here is found no content,
But did regardless and neglected ly,
And with an awful distance was past by.
Instead of hiding their prodigious Acts,
They do reveal, brag of their horrid Facts;
Unless it be some few who hide them, 'cause
They would not seem to violate those laws
Which with their tongues they'r forc'd for to main-
Being grave Counsellers or Aldermen, (tain,
Or else the Wives Relations are alive;
And then, if known, some other way they'l drive
Their golden wheels, that way doth seem uneven,
Then the Estate most certainly is given
Some other way, or else 'tis settled so
As he may never have it to bestow,
Upon his Lusts, therefore he doth seem
For to have a very great esteem
For his pretended Joy; but when her friends
Are dead, then he his cursed life defends,
With what they leave; then the unhappy wife,
With her dear children, lead an horrid life,
And the Estate's put to another use,
And their great kindness turn'd an abuse;
And should I strive their falshood to relate,
Then I should have but *Sisyphus* his fate,

For Man is so inconstant and untrue,
He's like a shadow which one doth pursue,
Still flies from's word, nay and perfidious too.
An Instance too of Infidelity
We have in *Egypt*'s false King *Ptolomy*,
Who, tho' he under obligations were,
For to protect *Pompey* from the snare,
Who fled to him for succour, yet base he
Did command his death most treacherously;
He was inconstant too, or else design'd
The same at first, so alter'd words not mind,
Which is much worse, for when that one doth speak
With a full resolution, for to break
One's word and oath, surely it must be
A greater crime than an inconstancy,
Which is as great failing in the soul
As any sin that reason doth controul,
But I designed for to be short, so must
Be sure for to keep firm unto the first
That I resolved, or else should reprove
These faults which first I ought for to remove;
Therefore, with *Brutus*, I this point will end,
Who, tho' he ought to have been *Cæsar*'s friend,
By being declared his Heir, yet it was he
Was the first actor in his tragedy:
Perfidious and ungrateful and untrue
He was at once, nay and disloyal too:
A thousand Instances there might be brought,
(Not far fetch'd, tho' they were dearly bought)

To

To prove that Man more falſe than Woman is,
More unconſtant, nay and more perfidious:
But theſe are Crimes which hell, (I'm ſure not hea-
As they pretend, hath peculiar given ven)
Unto our Sex, but 'tis as falſe as they,
And that's more falſe than any one can ſay.
All Pride and Luſt too to our charge they lay,
As if in ſin we all were ſo ſublime
As to monopolize each hainous crime;
Nay, Woman now is made the Scape-goat, and
'Tis ſhe muſt bear ſins of all the land:
But I believe there's not a Prieſt that can
Make an atonement for one ſingle man,
Nay, it is well if he himſelf can bring
An humble, pious heart for th' offering;
A thing which ought to be inſeparable
To men o'th' Gown and of the Sacred Table;
Yet it is ſometimes wanting, and they be
Too often ſharers of Impiety:
But howſoever the ſtrange World now thrives,
I muſt not look in my Teachers lives,
But methinks the World doth ſeem to be
Nought but confuſion and degeneracy,
Each Man's ſo eager of each fatal ſin,
As if he fear'd he ſhould not do't again;
Yet ſtill his ſoul is black, he is the ſame
At all times, tho' he doth not act all flame,
Becauſe he opportunity doth want,
And to him always there's not a grant

Of Objects for to exercise his will,
And for to shew his great and mighty skill
In all Sciences diabolical,
But when he meets with those which we do call
Base and unjust, why then his part he acts
Most willingly, and then with hell contracts
To do the next thing that they should require;
And being thus inflamed with hellish fire,
He doth to any thing it doth desire,
Unless 'twere possible for hell to say,
They should be good, for then they'd disobey.
I am not sorry you do Females hate,
But rather reckon we're more fortunate,
Because I find, when you're right understood,
You are at enmity with all that's good,
And should you love them, I should think they were
A growing bad, but still keep as you are;
I need not bid you, for you must I'm sure,
And in your present wretched state indure;
'Tis an impossible you should be true,
As for a Woman to act like to you,
Which I am sure will not accomplish'd be,
Till heaven's turn'd hell, and that's repugnancy;
And when vice is virtue you shall have
A share of that which makes most Females brave,
Which transmutations I am sure can't be;
So thou must lie in vast eternity,
With prospect of thy endless misery,
When Woman, your imagin'd Friend, shall live
Bless'd with the Joys that Heaven can always give.

FINIS.

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